

# Las Vegas Undertaking Co.

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## THE LOBBY RESTAURANT AND CAFE

Short Orders and Regular Dinners

THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE ALWAYS HANDLED

## SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

### CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A.

Regular communication first and third Thursdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M.; Chas. E. Sperleder, Secretary.

### LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2.

Knights Templar. Regular convocation second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. John B. Clark, W. C.; Charles Tamme, Recorder.

### LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, ROYAL ARCH MASONS.

Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P.; Chas. E. Sperleder, Secretary.

### EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1

Knights of Pythias meet every Monday evening in Castle Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited. I. P. Havens, Chancellor; C. M. Bernhardt, Keeper of Record and Seal.

### BALDY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA

Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall, Chas. Trambly, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

### REBEKAH LODGE, I. O. O. F.

Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the I. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Della Pepard, V. G.; Mrs. A. F. Dalley, Secretary; Adeline Smith, Treasurer.

### P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND FOURTH TUESDAY EVENINGS

each month at O. R. C. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

### EASTERN STAR, REGULAR COMMUNICATION

second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Seelinger, secretary.

### I. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4

meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. C. W. McAllister, N. G.; E. Comstock, V. G.; R. O. Williams, secretary; W. E. Crites, treasurer; C. V. Hedgcock, cemetery trustee.

### FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102

meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building, west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 804

meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall, Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

### P. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY EVENINGS

each month at Fraternal Brotherhood Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Jno. Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, Secretary.

### REDMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD HALL

every second and fourth Thursday, sleep at the eighth room. Visiting brothers always welcome to the wigwam. David Flint, sachem; Walter H. Davis, chief of records and collector of wampum.

### J. E. ROSENWALD Lodge No. 545, I. O. B. B.

Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas. Graessley, president; Rabbi J. E. Rabin, secretary.

### PHYSICIANS.

DR. E. L. HAMMOND  
DENTIST

Suite 4, Crockett Building. Both phones at office and residence.

DR. G. L. JENKINS  
DENTIST

Over Hedgcock's Shoe Store  
Phone Vegas 79

F. R. LORD, DENTIST

(Successor to Dr. B. M. Williams)

Office Pioneer Building, over Grand Leader. Rooms 3 and 4. Phone Main 57.

### ATTORNEYS.

GEORGE H. HUNKER

Attorney at Law

Office: Veeder Block, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

GEORGE E. MORRISON

Civil Engineer and Surveyor

Office: Wheeler Bldg. E. Las Vegas

### PULPIT AND CHOIR LOFT

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—Adrian Rabeyrola, pastor.

First mass at 7 a. m.; second mass at 10 a. m. Sunday school in English at 3 p. m., in Spanish at 4 p. m. Rosary and benediction of the blessed sacrament at 7:30 p. m. Catechism for English speaking children on Tuesday 4 p. m., and on Saturday 10 a. m.; for Spanish speaking children on Thursday 4 p. m., and on Saturday at 9 a. m.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS, Rev. Paul Gilbertson, Pastor.

First mass at 6 a. m. Second mass 8 a. m. Sermon in English for the children. Hymns rendered by the children under the direction of the Sisters of Loretto. Third mass at 10 a. m. Sermon in Spanish. Masses in Gregorian chant or in music, rendered by a choir of mixed voices. At 7 p. m., vespers and benediction.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY—

Regular services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in O. R. C. hall, Pioneer Building. All are welcome.

St. PAUL'S MEMORIAL CHURCH,

corner National avenue and Eighth street, Rev. J. S. Moore, Rector.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 8, 1909—Holy Communion 7:30. Sunday School 9:45. Litany Holy Communion and Sermon 11:00. No evening service.

This church is open daily for private prayer and meditation.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Cor. National and Eighth.

H. Van Valkenburgh, pastor. Morning service: Sacrament Lord's Supper. Sermon by Rev. Samuel Blair, D. D. Evening service, sermon by Dr. Blair.

All are cordially invited to participate in these services.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH—

Meade Ervin Dutt, pastor. Services in National Guard Armory, Douglas avenue. Bible school at 9:45 a. m. Morning subject, "Secondary Consideration of Salvation." Evening subject, "The Claims of Christ."

All are invited to these services.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Tenth Street and Douglas ave. —Rev. Norman Skinner, pastor. Morning worship and sermon at 11 o'clock. Bible study and Sunday school session at 9:45 a. m. Young People's society at 7 p. m.

The church extends a most hearty invitation to all people. Strangers and sojourners in the city especially welcomed.

The bark of the average dog is worse than his bite, the bark is usually kept up all night.

## AUTOMOBILE AND BURRO INSEPARABLE

Stung again! While journeying homeward on Thursday afternoon from the Hand ranch at Los Alamos, a most disastrous thing occurred. Chauffeur William "Allegretto" Adlon, a famous auto driver in this vicinity, was coming along at a lively clip when something in the shape of a "tired" wheel was seen taking a hike across the prairie on the approach to Onava, when it dawned on Ted Long who was one of the party and who was partly in dreamland, that it might be one of the four fixtures of that nature of their own machine and it was discovered that it was.

A halt was immediately called and the occupants of the auto proceeded to unload. It was readily seen that the necessary repairs were beyond the mechanical surroundings in the vicinity so the machine was left to the mercy of the cruel New Mexico winds and heavy showers until yesterday, when the crippled conveyance was brought to this city where the necessary repairs could be made.

When it was seen that some one had walk Ted Long and Kid Moore, who by the way was another so unfortunate as to be in the auto party, decided that they would walk to Onava where they might secure a ride to Las Vegas. The ever thoughtful Long, however, did not intend that his chauffeur should walk, so upon the arrival of Long and Moore at Onava they called at the livery stable there and secured a burro for Mr. Adlon which he rode into the city, arriving here several hours after the other parties had arrived, as everyone knows that the burro proposition is a "slow drag," as the sparker was not working good.

The chauffeur has promised the party that the next time this adventure is undertaken he will take along a few spare parts.

The object of the trip to Los Alamos was to see the lion which is in captivity out there, having been captured by "Buffalo" Jones recently in Arizona. The trip in this respect was very interesting as Mr. Jones had the lion give an exhibition of what he had already learned to do since being in captivity, i. e., Mr. Jones prodded the lion with a stick and the lion growled. The party, satisfied with the exhibition, then started on its return to Las Vegas.

### PILES! PILES! PILES!

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and itching of the private parts. Sold by druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00. Williams' Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland, O. For sale by Center Block Drug Co.

### ADVERTISED LETTER LIST.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Letters remaining unclaimed for the week ending August 5th, 1909: Bacon, Selestin; Davison, Mrs. A. E.; Dickenson, Mrs. J. B.; Hibner, Geo. F.; Hunt, Mrs. Mattie; Hickey, James; Medina, Senorita Esterita; Marer, Miss Senaida V. de; Ostrander, Miss Katherine; Pelton, Albert F.; Prewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert; Ricketts, Homer; Serna, Gavino; Salas, Miss Felisita O. de; Trujillo, Miss Ofelia; Walters, Johnie.

Letters held for postage and better directions: Mr. J. J. Brown, Pueblo, N. Mex.; Miss L. Cleaves Meutser, Knoxville, Iowa; The Dr. M. McLaughlin, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. James Hayden, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Post cards held for better directions and postage: Miss Ellen D. Woods, Portland, Ore.; Miss Ethel Morton, Kansas City, Mo.

When calling for the above please ask for "advertised."

F. O. BLOOD, Postmaster.

### Idleness.

It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an influence; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it.—Sidney Smith.

### Bored.

An article in the London Spectator on "Bored" has called forth the following definition of a bore which was given by the late Bishop Mackarness of Oxford: "A bore is a man who will talk about himself when you want to talk about yourself." Sydney Smith is said to be responsible for the original definition.

For indigestion and all stomach trouble take Foley's Orino Laxative as it stimulates the stomach and liver and regulates the bowels and will positively cure habitual constipation. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

## WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI BY CY WARMAN

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Seventy miles or more north of Nipissing, beyond the "Highlands of Ontario," where the moose and the reindeer roam, where the summers are short and the twilights long, Lake Temagami lies imbedded beneath the northern sky. Upon the silent shore of this translucent lake, where the mirrored pictures of the forest-folk, walking up-side down, can be seen from your canoe, dwelt Meniseno and his wife, Weiga, their daughter, and an only son.

In the unwritten law of the forest the northern Indians have and hold certain dimly defined rights to hunt and fish in favored sections and "silent places," and these rights they guard jealously. One matchless morning in the berry-moon, in a sheltered nook where the summer sun slipped in under the shore-trees and gilded the ripples of a rivulet that romped in from the wilderness, spilling its laughter on the limpid lake, Weiga, daughter of Meniseno, was drying her hair. The crack of a twig caused her to turn her sharply head and glance over her shoulder along the lake. She was surprised to see a great moose coming towards her, walking slowly near the water-edge; and still more surprised to observe, two car-lengths from the shore, a bark canoe occupied by a solitary Indian, also moving in her direction. Upon the back of the moose there was a small pack, which told her that he had been tamed. It was equally evident from his slow movements and backward glances that he was conveying the canoe.

When the little barque touched land near where Weiga sat she saw that its occupant was ill. In answer to his signal she stepped quickly down and drew the nose of the little craft upon the shore. The big moose stood by stamping his foot threateningly, but the man in the canoe called to him,



She Drew Near and Held Out a Hand.

and then he seemed assured that the woman would do his master no harm. For a time they talked, the man in the canoe and the maiden on the mossy bank where the brook came down. He asked whose hunting-ground lay along this entrancing shore, and she said it was claimed by her father, Meniseno, an Objibway.

"I am an Algonquin," said he. "Let us be friends. I want to make my lodge here by this beautiful stream, that I may drink and drink and drink, for my spirit is on fire and my throat aflame."

"Alas," sighed Weiga, "my father is very old and very jealous of his claim; I fear he will not let you live here."

"I do not ask to be allowed to live here," said he. "I only desire to die here, hearing the song of that cool stream—and," he added, devouring the maiden with his hungry eyes, "the music of your voice."

The Algonquin, without awaiting an invitation, signalled to Weiga. She drew near and held out a hand, which he grasped as he stepped ashore. With simple confidence he asked her to take him up on the bank and help him to find a camping-place near the stream. Again she held out her hand, and again he grasped it. But when he had gotten to his feet he did not release her hand, as he had done before, but held it and looked earnestly into the face of the Objibway, owning a vague feeling of peace and happiness altogether new to him.

On the following day when Meniseno stumbled unexpectedly upon the Algonquin's lodge he was obviously offended. Knowing this would be so, Weiga had not apprised her father of the coming of the stranger, for if he was jealous of his hunting-ground, he was over-jealous of his handsome, industrious, and well-behaved daughter.

Meniseno coldly asked the Algonquin why he had come to disturb the peace of an old man, and told him plainly he would not be allowed to live where he had made his camp.

The Algonquin's answer was the same as he had given Weiga—he had come not to live, but to die. He had pitched his poor tent there so that when death, who was now very near, should come to him, he might not die utterly alone.

At first the old Indian seemed to accept this simple statement, but when, a few days later, he found his daughter caring for the young man, he flew into a great passion and ordered the Algonquin out of the country. By this time, however, the Indian was too ill to travel, and so he heeded not the

ADULT old man, but lay back upon his bed of boughs.

Unto the sick man the maiden ministered mercifully, and as they grew to love each other her father's hatred grew.

When the lone lodger had held out longer than a man may last, lying helpless without food or drink, the old Indian, whose malady was madness, now, lay in wait until he saw Weiga enter the lodge, bearing food and water for the sick man.

From that day the Objibway spoke not a word to Weiga—He was now gone mad with a sullen, murderous madness, born of jealousy.

One moonless night when his son was away, when his watchful wife and Weiga were sound asleep, the old Indian stole out to where the Algonquin had pitched his tent. Meniseno's awful malady had robbed him of none of the inherent caution for which the bush-tribes are famous. Without the crack of a twig, scarcely with the rustle of a leaf, he had approached to within ten yards of the tent, when suddenly from the rear a great moose appeared and stood at the door. The old Indian, mad as he was, was terror-stricken at this unexpected apparition. The thing served in a way to sober him, and he demanded of the moose what God it stood for.—Glitch, the good, or Mitchie, the bad,—but there was no answer. Then it occurred to him that it was only a moose which could be easily frightened away. Unfastening his blanket, the Indian opened it and shook it in the face of the mute monarch of the woods. The moose's answer was the stamp of one great foot and a loud "whoof," that froze the Indian's blood, causing him to hurry back to his bogan.

But the Objibway was not to be denied. Lifting the heavy hatchet he carried in his hand, he let drive at the forest of horns that frowned at the front of the moose. The wily hulk lowered his head and the charges of the moose, whose advances the old Indian was now dodging with a strength and agility peculiar to madness, brought the Algonquin to the door of the hut.

At sight of the sick man the Objibway threw caution to the wind and ran towards the door; but the monarch nosed him vigorously, sending him to his back ten feet away.

The sound of the battle that had called the sick man from his couch had also awakened Weiga, who was running through the forest with the speed of the wind.

By the time the Objibway, still clinging to his hatchet, had gotten to his feet and faced the four-footed god on guard over the Algonquin, Weiga was immediately behind her enraged father. The young Indian, watching from the threshold, saw Weiga fling herself upon Meniseno, and saw the latter throw her off as easily as the great moose might toss a dog.

She staggered to her feet and started for the insane old man, who with lifted hatchet, made another desperate effort to reach the object of his wrath.

Forgetting his illness, and all un-mindful of the menacing weapon that was glistering in the starlight, the Algonquin darted beneath the nose of the moose, caught Weiga, and dragged her into his tent before the old man could realize it.

Outside the battle went on. The merciless hail of iron upon the antlers of the moose maddened him until he was fairly blind with rage. With a quick turn of his great head the moose caught the aged Indian, lifted him, and tossed him high up in the trees.

When the body crashed back to earth the old moose snorted new defiance, but the old Indian lay quite still. The splendid animal shook his aching head, stamped a front foot furiously, but his adversary had quit. Softly the Algonquin called his champion, and the big beast turned slowly and approached the door, as a faithful dog might come to be petted and patted for good work.

They made a light—the man and the woman—and went out to gather up the broken thing she had called father. To their surprise he was still alive, and they bore him in and laid him upon the bed wherein he would have murdered the Algonquin. Soon he slumbered heavily.

When day arrived, and the old man awoke, his reason had returned. He had been mad, he said. He had attempted to take the life of a stranger, but Glitchie Manitou had come in the form of a moose and fought with him.

He tried to move his limbs, but they were broken. All the bitterness was gone; all the hatred of the Algonquin had passed away.

As the aged Indian grew weaker, the Algonquin grew strong.

Finally, one twilight, when the September sun was sinking, when the summer bloom was blighted, and the autumn leaves were drifting over the placid bosom of the limpid lake, the light of the aged Indian's life went out, leaving a lone woman rocking to and fro, his head in her lap.

By the banks of Lake Temagami, where the winds whisper in the moss-hung trees and the waters lap on the silent shore, they laid the old man to rest.

For him the aged woman did not weep openly, nor cry aloud, but to his silent sleep-place she stole when the moon was low, and o'er his cold clay she shed bitter tears. And there she may be seen to this day, watching by the little rock-walled resting-place of the old Objibway, and, browsing about, is a big bull moose, and across the Temagami comes a little bark canoe, barely big enough for two, and it touches the shore where a crystal rill, romping out of the wilderness, spills its laughter on the limpid lake.

## BABY'S PITIFUL CASE OF ECZEMA

Summer Rash Became a Dreadful Itching Humor—Big Blisters Formed and Skin Grew as Hard and Rough as Bark—Scratched and Tore Flesh till Blood Ran.

## ALMOST MAGIC CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Our son, two years old, was very much afflicted with a breaking out or what looked to be a summer rash. I applied the usual remedies, such as washing with soda water and powdering with boric acid. Finally, after he suffered with the trouble several weeks I took him to the doctor. He said it was merely a rash that was quite prevalent, and that I was giving the right treatment and that I should just continue it and the baby would soon be all right. But instead of getting better it was getting worse. The rash ran together and made large blisters. The little fellow didn't want to do anything but scratch and we had to wrap his hands up to keep him from it as he would tear the flesh open till the blood would run. The itching was intense, causing loss of appetite and flesh. When it seemed to hurt him most the skin on his back became hard and rough like the bark of a tree so that rubbing or brushing would not break it. He was so feverish that I thought it a bad case of eczema. He could not wear any clothes but a little nightgown with the sleeves just fastened at the top of the shoulder. He suffered intensely for about three months. But I found a remedy in Cuticura Soap for bathing and Cuticura Ointment with which I anointed the sore places. This kept the rash from spreading and in less than a week the result was almost magical. That was more than two years ago and there has not been the slightest symptom of it since he was cured. I am never very long without Cuticura Soap as my family knows the value of it and don't like a substitute. J. W. Lawck, Yukon, Okla., Aug. 28 and Sept. 17, '08."

Millions of women throughout the world use Cuticura Soap and Ointment for eczemas, rashes, itching, irritations, inflammations, chafings, pimples, black-heads, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, sarative, antiseptic cleansing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Write for Free Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

The trolley car conductor is not a numismatist, but he is nevertheless a coin collector.

### Cholera Infantum Cured.

"Something like two years ago my baby, which was then about a year old, was taken seriously ill with cholera infantum, vomiting and purging profusely," writes J. F. Dempsey of Dempsey, Ala. "I did what I could to relieve her but did her no good, and being very much alarmed about her went for a physician but failed to find one, so came back by Elder Bros. & Carter's store, and Mr. Elder recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy. I procured a bottle of it, went home as quickly as possible and gave the baby a dose of the remedy. It relieved her in fifteen minutes and soon cured her entirely." For sale by all dealers.

Lots of things go without saying, but a talkative woman isn't one of them.

### The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. It's the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c at all druggists.

Old-fashioned honesty should never be allowed to drift into the has-been class.

If you are all run down Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. It strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood that depress the nerves, and cause exhaustion, backache, rheumatism and urinary irregularities, which sap the vitality. Do not delay. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy at once. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

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